

THE PACIFIC

VOL. LVIII

BERKELEY AND SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908

Briggs, Brev. Smayor
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BY DOING GOOD WE LIVE.

A certain wise man, deeply versed
In all the learning of the East,
Grew tired in spirit, and athirst
From life to be released.

So to Eliab, holy man
Of God he came: "Ah, give me, friend,
The herb of death, that now the span
Of my vain life may end."

Eliab gently answered: "Ere
The soul may free itself indeed,
This herb of healing thou must bear
To seven men in need;

"When thou hast lightened each man's grief,
And brought him hope and joy again,
Return; nor shalt thou seek relief
At Allah's hands in vain."

The wise man sighed, and humbly said:
"As Allah willeth, so is best,"
And with the healing herb he sped
Away upon his quest.

And as he journeyed on, intent
To serve the sorrowing in the land
On deeds of love and mercy bent,
The herb bloomed in his hand,

And through his pulses shot a fire
Of strength and hope and happiness.
His heart leaped with a glad desire
To live and serve and bless.

Lord of all earthly woe and need,
Be this, life's flower, mine,
To love, to comfort, and to heal—
Therein is life divine.

—Josephine Troup.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Entered at Berkeley as second-class matter.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Published weekly by the Publishing Company of The Pacific. Subscription price \$2.00 per year.

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PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

A young Japanese who graduated from the high school at Portland, Oregon, remarked to friends on the eve of his departure from Portland for Berkeley, to enter the University of California, that if Japan ever entered on war with the United States selfishly his hand would be against his own country.

A movement for the consolidation of the First Presbyterian Church and the Calvary Presbyterian Church of Portland has been started. The Oregonian says that the success of the movement would show a marked progress in Christian brotherhood and good sense. The suggestion is made that the First Church might act wisely by selling its present site, which is worth really a half million dollars and build anew on the site of Calvary. The home of worship of the First Church is a fine stone building which cost about \$150,000. Ere many years roll around its present location will be wanted for business purposes.

In the September number of "Association Men" mention is made of the new Y. M. C. A. building at Los Angeles as the largest on the coast and one of the largest and most complete in the world. The building cost \$500,000. "There is not a foot of waste room in the building, and little of the \$500,000 has been spent for ornamentation. Its tile-lined plunge is 25 by 40 feet, the auditorium seats 1,000, the men's gymnasium is 50 by 100, and the boys' gymnasium 50 by 60. On the cement roof of the auditorium are large handball and basketball courts. The roof of the boiler room on a level with the street, is to be a garden. An entire floor is given to the educational department and there are 115 sleeping rooms for men on the seventh and eighth stories. The ninth floor will be used by the business men's club. Over the great fireplace in the lobby is a handsome piece of allegorical sculpture, the work of a famous sculptor."

In an article in the last number of the Home Missionary Magazine, entitled "Forty Years of Congregationalism in Seattle," the Rev. E. L. Smith, says: "The forty years of Congregational activity have resulted in twenty-one organized churches, if we may count four just beyond the city boundary but always included in the Seattle family. Three others have been organized and are now dead. Two others are on the way to be organized soon, but we stand at twenty-one, with a total membership of 2,937, on January 1, 1908. The statistics gathered for the Year Book show further results which might be stated here—that 1,038, or

more than one-third of these members are men, that our property has a value of \$490,700, that our home expenses last year were \$62,704 and our benevolence \$53,619. Of the twenty-one churches, eleven are self-supporting, the other ten received aid from the Congregational Home Missionary Society last year of \$1,092, and there are but two of the twenty-one which have never received any such missionary aid."

The Congregational churches in the state of Washington contributed \$7,840.48 for home missions last year. The state received from the national society, and expended \$15,148.46 on its English churches and \$707.50 on its foreign. In Oregon the contributions from the churches were \$831.51. The amounts received and expended were, \$7,935.34 for the English churches and \$311.67 for the foreign. In Northern and Southern California the societies are constituent; that is, the work is carried on without aid from the national society, and a small percentage of the receipts are given to the national society. In Northern California there were expended last year in carrying on the home missionary work \$9,700; in Southern California \$12,698.75. The national society received from Northern California \$994.50; from Southern California \$1,876.59. Other expenditures by the national society on the Pacific coast were: Utah, \$2,527.42; Idaho, \$3,828.15; Arizona, \$1,490.85; Alaska, \$937.50. To the national society Utah contributed \$149; Idaho, \$426.34; Arizona, \$353.30; Alaska, \$5.25. The state of Washington is working for self-support in 1910. The plan is to spend each year up to that time \$20,000 in the work.

The time may come when California will yield to other states the supremacy in orange growing. We quote from an article in the Technical World: "Botanists in the employ of the United States Department of Agriculture hope to bring into being an orange tree which will be as sturdy as the apple tree; an orange tree that will not perish in the chill of Northern winter, which in December will bear its wreaths of snow and in May its garlands of bloom, and when summer comes will yield fruit as good as that sweetened in the South Sun. This may seem to be an unnatural proposition, but it only seems so. No violence upon the laws of nature has been or will be attempted. It is simply an effort to make the citrus tree which bears the sweet table orange as hardy and insensitive to cold as the citrus tree which bears the bitter, unedible orange. By crossing a citrus tree which grows in the North and which bears an unedible fruit with the citrus of the South it is sought to beget a plant in which will be combined the good traits of each. Government botanists are confident that the results of this citrus marriage will be a scion that will grow and fruit at a latitude midway between the northern limits of the sweet and bitter orange. If this should be there might be orange groves in central Virginia, middle Kentucky, southern Indiana, southern Illinois, central Missouri and central Kansas. Think of orange groves around the homes in Richmond, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Kansas City."

Writing concerning church work in the state of Washington, Superintendent Scudder of the Home Missionary Society says: "Farmers who object to clearing land, blasting stumps and plowing out roots had better stay with their well-cultivated Eastern acres. Ministers who shrink from the hardships of pioneer organization, and want well-established churches and a trained membership, have very little place this side of the Rockies. This is pre-eminently a

young man's country. I hesitate to advise any elderly man to attempt a Washington pastorate. Well-established habits of life and work with their expectations are roughly jarred by conditions so entirely different. The demands are heavier, the rush is greater, the problems more intricate. Nothing moves by conventional momentum. It has to be pushed seven days in each week. For a year the average man will not see the opportunity—will wonder if he has not made the mistake of his life—will accuse the superintendent, or whoever it was that enticed him out here, with being a wild-eyed enthusiast of most extravagant hopes and speech. After he becomes adjusted to the situation he begins to see things, and becomes as enthusiastic as the rest of us—that is, if he loves hard work and delights to move with great tides and to help found great civilizations. But he must be a man who works for a state as well as a town; who has a kingdom vision; who estimates his particular field, whether great or small in size and members and name, as his vantage ground for the exerting of a great influence and the putting forth of a great life, and who measures that life and its usefulness more by the way it fits into and pushes forward the great advance of our denominational fellowship than in any isolated record or local success."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

On a recent Saturday night 30,000 women were counted in the saloons in Chicago.

In the month of June, 1908, there were in England and Wales 768,728 persons receiving aid from the relief societies for the poor. In London the number was 117,351.

Trinity School, New York, the oldest institution of the kind of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, will celebrate its 200th anniversary next June.

The Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan will return to London early in October and soon thereafter will spend several weeks itinerating in England, Scotland and Wales in the interests of the London Missionary Society.

Many of the young ladies attending the summer school at Columbia University, New York, this year were ill. This is attributed to the overtaxing of their strength by taking up the arduous studies of the summer school immediately following many months of teaching.

It is good testimony that Mr. Taft, the secretary of war, gives to foreign missions: "I know a great many people opposed to foreign missions, in fact who religiously, if you can use the word, refuse to contribute to them. I confess that there was a time when I was enjoying a snug provincialism and had some of these feelings, but these left me when I went to the Orient. I never realized the immense importance of foreign missions until that time." Let us get a few more of our public men off on trips to benighted lands. Then, the information which they ought to get at home, they will, perhaps, get there. Taft is not the first man of prominence to testify that a trip abroad enlightened him as to missions.

Hypnotism has been found of value for the healing of diseases both of the body and mind. This is the unanimous verdict of those who have investigated the subject. No one in this country is better prepared to tell what hypnotism is worth as a means of healing than Dr. John D.

Quackenbos. He is not less trustworthy as a hypnotist because he knows many things outside of hypnotism. He is a well-known author, and besides hypnotism and kindred topics he has written text-books and popular treatises on many subjects. He is too good a physician to think of dispensing with drugs; and although he thinks that much can be done by the patient himself by auto-suggestion, he does not believe that skilled medical advisers can be dispensed with. In his recent book, "Hypnotic Therapeutics," he considers in a popular style the use of hypnotism in the treatment of disease. There is nothing in the book that the average man cannot understand, and there is much in it that is very suggestive, much that will furnish food for thought, and much that will be found practical and useful.

On his arrival in New York, the Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan was interviewed as to the progress of the woman's suffrage movement in England, and replied: "A great work is being done. I myself am an advocate of the movement. I do not refer to it in my sermons because I make it a rule not to preach on political matters." Being asked whether he considered this a political matter he said: "Oh, as we have it in London now, it most surely is. And it presents a most odd political problem. Despite the difficulties which the movement seems to be encountering from Parliament, it is a fact that the two big political parties are in favor of it, and that both houses of Parliament are likewise in favor. For political reasons of importance, however, no big leader in either house can very well come out as a champion of the cause. The fact is, I think, that Lord Asquith is not opposed to women having suffrage, but he cannot come out as a leader in its advocacy. What I think will happen is this: some obscure member will offer an amendment which will allow women the right to vote, and Lord Asquith will not put up any opposition to the passage. This will probably happen soon, so that shortly women will be voting in England. And why should they not? When they bear equal responsibilities with men, and also contribute in taxation, why should they not also have the right to vote?"

It costs between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000 to administer law and justice in British India every year, and another \$20,000,000, approximately, to pay for the police force, consisting of nearly 24,000 officers and 138,000 men. There are more than 7,000 officers exercising civil and criminal jurisdiction, and last year about 2,900,000 civil and 1,780,000 criminal cases were tried. It is a notable fact, however, that out of 1,767,000 persons tried in 1905-6 only 862,000 were actually convicted; and, while in the calendar every form of crime was to be found set forth as well as every human vice and form of wickedness, only 455 people were sentenced to death (of these some were reprieved), 1,822 were sent into penal servitude, and another 157,40 were condemned to other forms of imprisonment. This remarkably small proportion of convictions over arraignments has excited some comment. Convictions in less than half the trials seem to indicate either a reckless invocation of the law or great difficulty in bringing home the guilt to the parties accused. This latter is thought to be the true solution, and it is openly asserted in the English press that the disaffection existing among some of the native judiciary, combined with the wholesale and reckless perjury of the average native witness, are bringing the law of British India and its administration into contempt.

The new arbitration bill before the New Zealand Legislature is causing much excitement among the labor leaders.

Among other things, it provides that every worker who is a party to a strike shall be liable to a \$50 fine and an additional fine of \$5 for every week during which the strike continues, and he remains a party thereto. These penalties apply to any industry, whether an award or an industrial agreement is in force or not, to unionists and non-unionists alike. The penalties for a lockout are \$1,000 for the initial offense and \$250 a week during its continuance. Heavy penalties are also provided for aiding or abetting a strike or lockout, and it is an offense to make any gift of money to or for a person or union engaged in a strike or lockout. Furthermore, the bill proposes to make it an offense to publish any expression of approval of a strike or lockout. Clause 9 embodies a new provision which provides for special penalties in the case of strikes affecting the supply of gas, electricity, water, bread, meal, coal, etc., or interfering with public health and safety. Workers concerned in strikes of this sort will be subject to a fine of \$50 or to three months' imprisonment, unless they have given a month's warning. Another section of the bill provides that any union of workers convicted of aiding and abetting, or inciting, or instigating a strike by any of its members shall have its registration suspended for any period that the court may determine, not exceeding three years.

The Methodist Board of Foreign Missions has a critical financial condition, and are asking pastors to help them to meet it. The officers of the board state that if the contributions received this fall show a falling off in the same proportion as did those of the spring, the total deficit for the year will be at least \$150,000. This amount includes, however, a deficit of \$60,000 with which the fiscal year was opened. In a statement just made by the officials the business depression of last winter is alleged to be the cause for the falling off in Methodist foreign mission contributions. In order to meet the situation the board is asking ten thousand Methodist ministers to secure at least \$15 each for the foreign work, the amount to be a special offering, and to be secured by the pastors in any way that seems promising, private subscription, Epworth Leagues, public collections, etc. The board reminds the Methodist churches that in 1896, when appeal was made for an extra \$246,000 to wipe out a debt that had been gathering for three years, the response was prompt and the entire sum secured quickly. Now it is asked that a similar response be made to prevent a debt. The Methodist Foreign Mission Board is one of the largest foreign mission agencies in the world. It raises and expends upward of \$1,000,000 every year.

Henry W. Peabody, the head of one of the great importing firms, was quite outspoken a few days ago in Boston concerning the treatment of Chinese and Japanese by the people of the United States. We quote him in part: "We have discriminated against them in the matter of immigration to such an extent as to be absolutely unfair. We are a great nation today because of the industry and thrift of the immigrants who came here. The Chinese are eminently industrious, patient and economical, qualities desirable in any race. The Chinese are also thoroughly honest. They are more so than the Japanese, who are inclined to take advantage of a quibble in order to better themselves. Their straightforwardness, downright honesty, thrift and industry commend them as desirable immigrants. I do not desire to go so far as to urge the removal of all restrictions from Chinese immigration, but I think with an honest desire to be just and friendly to China we can do a great deal toward removing the injustice of the discrimina-

tion that now exists. The Irish laborer is growing rare, the Italian laborer is coming to take his place. Who will follow to carry the burdens after the Italian immigrant has grown prosperous? Already the servant problem has arisen. I think the Chinese, if admitted here even under restrictions would solve it. I remember years ago the commendations made by friends on the Pacific coast about their Chinese home servants. Doubtless in time the Chinese would venture out into more remunerative employments, as other races have done before them. That is their right. It is in keeping with American ideas of manhood and progress. The reason why the Chinese have segregated is to my mind due to the manner in which we have treated them. The dislike to the Chinese is not personal, so far as I can observe, but official. All the classes of immigrants were objects of dislike and in some instances of hatred, until those who came here before them came to know and understand them. The Irish, the Italian and the Polish immigrants knew the truth of the statement. They are recognized now as having contributed to the wealth and prosperity of this great nation of ours. Are we going to deny the Chinese and Japanese an opportunity to do likewise? There is no discrimination against the native of Africa when he comes to our shores. Is there any more reason for discriminating against the native of China, the equal in many respects, if not superior, of the black man? China is awakening. She is beginning to realize that the methods of the past have kept her astern of the other nations of the world. Her people possess all the natural qualities of greatness and it seems as if we ought to help her to elevate herself to the position among the great nations of the world to which she is entitled."

According to Harper's Weekly the American supply of coal will be exhausted before that of Europe, and particularly that of Great Britain. "It has been estimated that Pennsylvania has about enough anthracite coal to last at the rate of production that prevailed last year, a little less than two hundred years. Probably the supply will be exhausted much sooner than that, unless some profitable substitute is found for anthracite. As to bituminous coal in the United States, the supply is very great and widespread. It is estimated that it will last, at the rate of consumption which prevailed during the last decade, something less than 450 years. If the coal supply of the world at large were likely to be exhausted in any such way as to make a considerable drain on American coals for foreign consumption, the situation might be regarded as alarming if we could put ourselves in the place of our great-grandchildren. But there is not likely to arrive a time when we shall have to 'feed the world' with coal. In 1880 Great Britain had 'in sight,' so to speak—although it was below the ground—an available coal deposit estimated at nearly 885,000,000,000 tons. At the rate of production and consumption then prevailing, the supply would last about nine hundred years. The coal measures of Lancashire are 9,000 feet in thickness. Moreover, there are many countries which possess coal deposits that have never been touched. Besides the great coal fields of Europe and America, as now worked, there are undoubtedly coal deposits in China, in the Philippines, in Australia, in South America, in Alaska, in the Indian archipelago and elsewhere. With one circumstance the American people, looking at the matter from the consumer's standpoint, may well be pleased. Europe does not want our anthracite coal—the best fuel, on the whole, that the earth ever produced. Europe does not un-

derstand the use of anthracite, and is apparently not willing to learn it. It calls on us for bituminous coal, which we can spare more readily. The assumption that the coal fields of Great Britain and America will be exhausted even at the end of several centuries is founded on the further assumption that heat will continue to be made and power generated in the future much as they are now. But our inventors and chemists hold out the assurance that great changes may be looked for in the methods of producing heat and mechanical energy."

PUT ON THE CHECK-REIN!

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

We are living in a fast age and a fast country. There is need of the brakes as well as of the engine; there are too many young men who understand the whip better than the check-rein. When the upset comes, it is found that the head is softer than the pavement, and perhaps the idea is beaten into that soft head that prudence demanded slower driving. On a Sabbath afternoon it is quite too common to meet a group of showily-dressed young men whose cigars and noisy talk show the rate at which they are traveling. While wiser young men are at their Bible class, these youths are out on a dress parade, exhibiting their fast manners and habits to the public. One of the group has chosen the club house for his Sunday resort, and another tries his good mother's heart sorely by coming home at midnight from the theater and a wine supper after it. Before long there will be vacant situations in the business houses where these fast fellows were employed. Prudent merchants do not care to keep in their counting rooms the clerks who wear too much jewelry and are seen too often at the counter of the fashionable saloons. There is an upset ahead for these young Jehus if they don't put on a check-rein.

Poor Harry Rapid's young wife called in to inquire if I could recommend a "very cheap boarding house," and knew of any place where her husband could find employment. Her face was as faded as her dress. It would have been well if Harry and his broken-down young wife had looked for plain, frugal quarters when they set up in ambitious style in a fine "flat," with sealskin sacques and a box at the opera and a fast horse for the drive to the beach. Now they have been sold out and are glad to hide away in such humble quarters as they can get. I trust that the sharp lesson will not be lost on them. This capsize of their showy turnout may teach them that when Satan has a seat "on the box," it is a short road to ruin. Extravagance is one of the devil's baits in these days. It does not only break up homes; it breaks hearts. Both sound sense and moral courage are required by young people to conform to their circumstances and live within their means. The next thing is to know how to use money as a sacred trust, and not to spend it in gratifying the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life.

In the same counting room with Harry Rapid a while ago was young George Surepace. He was considered by his companions as decidedly "slow." Some of his fellow-clerks made sport of his plain tweed coat and Puritanical ways; they never could induce George to join one of their clubs, or to go with them to Brighton Beach on Sunday, or to take a game of "poker" over a glass of wine. He married an industrious girl, who, instead of studying Parisian fashion plates, studied how to make both ends meet and how to make their cozy home look tidy when husband came home. Mary Surepace will soon be bringing her two rosy

children to the infant department of the Sunday-school, and George is already the leading man in the Society of Christian Endeavor. The other day he gave a spare ten dollars to his fellow-clerk, Harry Rapid, in order to aid him in getting his watch out of pawn. I have watched these two young couples; it was the old race between the fast hare and the jogging tortoise; the hare has run himself out of breath and out of character; the slow and careful tortoise has won the race.

It is not only young people who need to put on the check-rein in the way that we have just indicated. Older people, yes, and good Christian people, need the check-rein also. Our American business life is one of humming activity, and it brings a tremendous strain on the nerves and muscles and brains. The constant tendency is to feed the engine, crowd on steam, and neglect the brakes. To these ever-toiling care-burdened men of business I would venture to say, Do not allow either your worldly ambitions or your honest daily avocations to mount you as a jockey mounts a race horse, and whip and spur you through every waking hour of your existence. They will ride you to death! When your day's work is over, lock up your cares in your store or your shop; go home to your family "out of harness." Turn boy again for your own sake and for the sake of your children. If you work hard to have a home, enjoy it. The best way to keep your sons and daughters out of perilous evening resorts is to make your own fireside bright and attractive; or, if innocent entertainments offer elsewhere, go with wife and children to partake of them. Be the master of your business and not the slave. If either covetousness or care are overdriving you, put on the check-rein!

One of the besetting snares of these times is to try to grow rich rapidly. "Slow and sure" are out of fashion. In that direction lies peril to the soul. They who make haste to be rich fall into temptations and snares and many hurtful lusts that drown men in perdition! Greed for gold drains away the sweetest and holiest affections of the heart; it dries up Christian benevolence; it robs God of his due. My long observation has been that when money flows in rapidly, grace is apt to flow out; and as a Christian mounts up as to his income, he rarely rises in piety with it. There are some happy exceptions, but they are the men who keep a check-rein on the grasping, greedy spirit of covetousness. My good brother, it is no easy thing to keep up a high tone of spiritual life amid all the atmospheric pressures that surround you; to do it, you have got to take time to eat and think and to read your Bible and to pray and to do some good work for your Master and your fellow-men. If you are running your daily life at too fast a rate for these vital things, then I entreat you in God's name to put on the check-rein!

SEPTEMBER IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

W. N. Burr.

I am not quite sure of the season now, but I am sure of the month; so I am writing "September" instead of "Summer" in my heading this week.

The weather seems to be a bit confused these days—it is not quite sure what it wants to make itself. Usually it starts out in the morning strong and fresh and cool-headed, with just a hint of autumn richness pervading everything. Sometimes it will keep that mood all through the day; sometimes it will warm up a little in the afternoon as if it were a trifle provoked with something, and inclined to show anger; then occasionally it will sulk, and perhaps drop a

few scattering tears. Last Sunday morning we were awakened between four and five o'clock by flashes of lightning and peals of distant thunder. The air was filled with the fresh, cooling smell of a coming storm, but only a few drops of rain fell just here. The sky was overcast with clouds all day, just a trace of sunshine struggling through for a few moments. It was a relief after the hot, dry, sun-scorched summer to have one day of subdued light—the intense brightness has been severe sometimes. Yesterday we were treated to another cloudy, sultry, sticky day,—no rain, however. And that was well.

"We want no rain in the San Joaquin valley from the first of May to the middle of November," remarked an old resident the other day. Those whose income depends upon raisins, prunes, and other fruits drying in the sun know what it means to have a rainfall here at this time of the year. We are all glad that the recent threatenings have passed without a downpour.

And we read in the papers that other people in other parts of the world have been praying for rain. One child wants this and another wants that. It is well that our Father is all-wise, and can be depended upon to make all things work together for the good of all who will put their trust in Him.

The great wheat ranches of the past in the San Joaquin valley have given place not only to fruit and dairy farms, but to tracts for the growing of a wood supply. Thousands of eucalyptus trees have been set out that will one of these days yield, no doubt, a handsome profit to the owners of these groves. The eucalyptus is a rapid grower. We are told of one man who planted 1,400 eucalyptus trees of the *Rostrata* variety, beginning the work on the 21st of last March. He irrigated the ground before planting and twice since has irrigated the plants, letting the water run in furrows. When set out the plants were the ordinary small size as taken from the nursery, and now some of the trees are eight feet in height and six inches in circumference. The ground was cultivated after each irrigation.

"That is a California story," smiles some incredulous Easterner.

Indeed it is, and more than that it is a Tulare county story. But a "California story" must not always be regarded as synonymous with a whopper. Sometimes we can tell "California stories" and also "show the goods." Let the incredulous Easterner come and see for himself. It is worth the telling when one can show trees that have grown from the baby stage as "nursery stock" to a height of eight feet and a circumference of six inches in less than six months. The average California farmer is a very modest man. It is the "boomer" who is guilty of the whoppers.

Why does not somebody write "The Story of the Hitching-Rail?" We see plenty of material every Sunday as we run our eyes along the line of teams hitched before the church. The family of nine who live seven miles from town and drive in in time for the Sunday-school an hour before the morning service—their team at the hitching-rail tells a story of faithfulness, and effort to keep in touch with the finer things of life. And somehow the very sight of that team recalls the remark of a man upon whom we called recently who lives about the same distance from town in another direction.

"We have been here over a year and a half," he said, "and not one of us has yet been inside one of the churches. People who have cows to milk can't go to church."

The church hitching-rail tells the story of the "Do Go" family who find a way to get there, and of the "Don't Go"

family, too. And the passing years will tell on the character of these families, and it will be evident enough which has chosen the better part, the "Do Go" or the "Don't Go."

Tulare, Sept. 11, 1908.

HEAVEN—HELL.

Isaac F. Bangs.

What are they?

They are each the antithesis of the other.

Each is the extreme antithesis of the other.

Heaven is the result of perfectly obeying God's laws for producing good in every realm of thought and action. It is the reward of such obedience.

Heaven is a condition. Whoever so perfectly obeys is in heaven, or rather heaven is within him wherever he goes or is.

Heaven is a place, a world, beyond this earth-world-experience, to which such obeyers will be conducted when they finish their experience in this earth-life. They will be segregated there with their kind. None who are impure or disobedient, will be there or in their midst.

Hell is the extreme result of wilfully, persistently and aggravatingly disobeying God's laws for the production of good. It is the extreme of penalty, punishment, for so disobeying.

Hell is a condition. Whoever wilfully, intelligently and aggravatingly so disobeys, is in hell, or rather hell is within him wherever he may go or be.

Hell is a place, a world, to which those are segregated who are such disobedient, when they leave this earth-life. No pure person, or moderately impure person, is found with them, or in their midst.

All conditions and places, beneath the heavenly conditions and places, are intended to be corrective in their tendencies, and the hell-world doubtless is so corrective. God never punishes in malice. What he does always has a purpose of good behind and beyond it, and is made effective for accomplishing that good. Hell-experience will reach and penetrate the spirits of those who suffer it, and doubtless will influence their will power to thenceforward take the opposite course of intelligent and cheerful obedience to appropriate laws, whose tendency is toward the production of good.

As all pain is intended as a blessing, to warn us with greater or less insistency that some one or more of the laws of nature, of God, has been violated, and to induce us to seek the cause of the pain, and to remove it, so the corrective conditions and worlds, beneath the grade of heaven conditions and worlds, are intended to make us think and search, in order to remove that which caused the ill or evil condition.

Our Creator has made us free agents to choose, and endeavor to act in accord. He has accordingly intended that ill and evil results and conditions shall set us voluntarily to seek to know and to remove the causes, and to prevent their occurrence to affect our interests. Hence these ills and evils act as brakes to retard or to stop our progress in a wrong direction or way, and happy are we if we give proper heed to their voice. But, as Jeremiah of old said of the Jews of his day, they do not, will not, heed nor listen, so is it too often now, we look upon these experiences as an inevitable scourge which must be submitted to, even though we complain and grumble about them, but do not regard them

as warning us to seek and put away the cause for their being. Often too late, after great damage has been done, we stumble upon the cause, and then say, If we had only known and been alive to this years ago, we might so easily have put it away, and now our condition would be so different and better. And yet in other things we fail to take the lessons into our spirit, and go on suffering needlessly.

God by all these ills and evils is constantly saying to us, Stop the the wrong doing and go actively and intelligently into right doing. Thus, and thus only, shall we profit by the great lessons of life, and attain to character and equipment which shall properly fit us for the great work our Creator has in reserve for us a-down the ages and worlds of eternity.

Too few get the idea that God specifically sent each of us into this world-life, as individuals, to learn, to educate, to train, to discipline, for greater and greater, and more and more important life-work a-down future ages and worlds a-down eternity. We do not sufficiently appreciate and weigh that mighty, though short word eternity. It involves all the significance of all our life-work and experience. In it we are constantly building character which shall determine in future our experience. Each moment of our future is depending upon what has been built into it from all our past history.

Character building is the great work of every moment of our lives. It is our life-work designed for us by our Creator. Our material body, and the material properties we accumulate in this earth-life are intended only as aids, helps, in the greater work of character building. We can carry none of them beyond this earth-world; but our character that makes wherever we go a-down eternity. It is character that makes or mars our happiness and our success. A pure and right character makes heaven within and around about us wherever we may go or be. Wrong character deteriorates our enjoyments and detracts from our success, and may make hell within and round about us wherever we may go or be.

Character is built through and by our thoughts and acts. These are under our control as free agents in choice. Cheerful, soulful, voluntary, intelligent acts in work are the most effective possible to us; and it is in our power to do this kind of work all through life, if we have the right conception of life, and of our relations in and to it.

Thus we may carry heaven or hell constantly about with us as we may choose. If we choose heaven, God is through our thoughts and acts, constantly building heaven-character within us. How he does it we do not know any more than we know how he creates and sustains life, and all the universe of worlds, with all they contain. We are conscious of the fact, though we may not know the how or why. Knowing the fact we may endeavor to conform our life-thoughts and acts to it. To accomplish this knowledge and endeavor in us is evidently the great design of our Creator in and through our being. It is to be accomplished through our experience, education, training, disciplining, while traveling a-down our eternal course.

Rewards, penalties: These are what come to us as results. They are the opposing ideas which through their mutual action go to build our character.

All that is is the result of mutual efficiency in the operation of two great sets or classes of opposite concepts in power. The one may properly be called the propulsive power, the other the retardive power. It is through the mutual operation of these two opposites that all definite and limited result is obtained. Had we the propulsive power without the retardive, once started there would be no stopping. Had we the retardive without the propulsive there would never be any starting. The brake is as neces-

sary as the propelling power. Legitimately utilized each is, both are a-god. It is only when either is wrongly, illegitimately utilized that they become an ill, and bring penalty for the ill. When the user, or manipulator purposely, carelessly, or heedlessly wrongly utilizes them he sins, and the ill thus produced becomes an evil, and brings him condemnation as an additional penalty, which greatly increases the severity of his punishment. Punishment is what ill comes to us as the legitimate result of wrong doing. Punishment may come as a result of right doing, but this would show the administrator to himself be a wrong doer, and should bring praise rather than blame to the sufferer.

God himself works by means of these opposite powers in all he accomplishes; and he wishes man to become a righteous adept in the use of these powers. This explains the true meaning of life-experience coupled with our destined future. It gives point and significance to every moment of present life. This is the great objective of all true and faithful education, training, disciplining influences to which we are subject. It is appropriate explanation of that passage which in effect says God scourges every one whom he receiveth: that is he subjects every one to this educating, training, disciplining process, designed to perfect him as a skilled worker in the life-work given, or designed for him a-down his eternal future, by his Creator, Father and reliant Friend.

When we see these things in their true light, intent and design, how it uplifts and ennobles life! How it cheers and sustains under discouraging circumstances! How it brings increased life-vigor into every thought and effort. How it emphasizes the great objective in every true life! How it increases and sharpens every inventive effort for new discoveries a-down our future, and for new appropriations of former discoveries! In fact, how it brings heaven-conditions into all our life!

THE YELLOW STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES.

By Louisa A. Nash.

It was in the earlier days of the Pacific Coast settlement, when Chinamen were much more numerous and found it easier to find employment than at present. The young house-mother, with small children, who felt that they had often to be neglected for kitchen duties, was grateful for the Chinese boy's help. He would come sometimes as a raw Chinese boy, and she would teach him the cooking arts, which (apt as a monkey) he imitated to perfection. Perhaps later on Chee might retort on her further instructions: "You sabbe, you do 'em!" But relenting soon, he'd "do 'em" himself in perfect good temper.

The wash Chinaman, in his mechanical work on the board, could sometimes set an example to a mistress in endeavoring to improve his mind the while. "What you reading, Tong?" she asked, seeing a book of ideographs perched up above the washtub. "I lad big king; live long time ago. King live 'fore my father born; 'fore my father-father born; 'fore anybody born!"

One of our early women, thankful for the Chinese boy's help, tried to teach her Sing to read English. So she bought the easiest lesson book that she could find; and when he had fairly mastered it, she purchased a New Testament to study side by side with the speller. The ideographs were no earthly good, for Sing could not read his own language. And no wonder, for seven years of study are required to learn it thoroughly, and Sing had to go to work early. She began telling him about God, who made all things. "Ah!" said Sing. "'Melican man Joss! All same China Joss! China Joss all same 'Melican man Joss!" As she dared to differ,

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she tried to explain the difference; and they continued their daily studies quite amicably, and she hoped quite profitably.

As Sing grew older he expanded body, soul, and spirit, bringing his hand, heart and head (as the kindergartner would say) into exercise. He believed in Mrs. Barton herself, and he believed in what she taught him. Her thorough belief in it herself went a great way in confirming his own faith. In process of time the Barton family moved into a larger city, and Sing found other families to work for.

Mrs. Barton's children grew up, and she had no more home work than she could accomplish herself. But her interest in the yellow stranger boys remained as true as ever. She found one or two friends like-minded with herself in the effort to be home missionaries to them. They all wore the "white ribbon." And she recalled how she had explained the little token to Sing, begging him to never smoke opium. She and her friends taught a Chinese boys' Sunday-school every week, and they enjoyed the work very much.

She was surprised one day, years afterwards, by a Chinaman appearing at her door with a parcel. He looked very eager and said to her: "Come from your China boy, Sing. You remember Sing? Sing dead." She bade him come in and wait until she opened the parcel. She untied the string and unwrapped it with a rare feeling of tender memory of the dead hands that had worked so willingly for her so long. Inside the wrapping was the little Testament from which she had so carefully taught him.

"Long time come," explained the bearer. "Sing die long time ago. Book come—Idaho. I go lots 'em places 'fore Chinaman find you. One boy here say he know Sing long ago. He say, 'You teach Sing. Sing believe 'Melican man Christ, 'cause you good Christ-woman. You no time angly. You all time kind.'"

Mrs. Barton's tears fell as she thought: "Just a cup of cold water, which never loses its reward." After this she devoted herself still more to teaching the Chinese boys about the 'Melican man's God and about Jesus Christ.—Exchange.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR SEPT. 27.

By Rev. Henry K. Booth.

Home Missions—The Cry of the City (Gen. 18: 16-33.)

I.

The most notable fact in modern social life is the rapid growth of the city. During the last half-century the trend of population toward our American cities has revolutionized our American life. Through it a new society has been created, a new civilization brought into being. The city holds the balance of power in politics and business. It is no exaggeration to say, "As goes the city so goes the nation"; for the entire future of the American republic depends upon the character of its municipalities. A hundred years ago but four per cent of our people lived in cities; today more than one-third of our population dwell within city walls. And this is only the beginning of this great movement toward the centralization of our population. In England four-fifths of the people dwell in cities. At its present rate of progress the end of this present century will see the same conditions in America. It is self-evident that all that has to do with the social and moral life of our cities ought to be a matter of gravest concern to every American citizen.

II.

With this growth of the city has come such rapid industrial development as would otherwise be impossible—

the advance of culture, the increase of the conveniences and luxuries of life. The standard of living is materially increased. There are opportunities for advancement such as the country cannot afford. This and the charm of the life, movement and pleasure of the city are attracting into it yearly swarms of human beings who have yielded to its fascination. The city has added immeasurably to the economic and industrial development of society—as a whole, and to the opportunities and pleasures of the individual.

III.

But side by side with this we must recognize that we have paid an awful price for the gains the city has brought us. Simplicity and equality have gone. The home becomes the flat and the tenement. Scarce one per cent of city population but that are dependent upon the landlord, that really own the homes they live in. The congested conditions of city life breed disease and physical degeneracy. Vice and crime flourish in its atmosphere. The saloon and the brothel are indigenous to city soil. The harvest of crime is reaped in the city. The rural districts and small towns are comparatively free from vice. Poverty here is most distressing, and the slum is the penalty we pay for our splendid display of wealth on the avenue and in the emporium. The human wreckage of the city is simply appalling. It is in the city also that political corruption takes its rise. Municipal government has been a sink of corruption. Our best European critic, Prof. James H. Bryce, says that the one conspicuous failure of American institutions is the government of our great cities; and the investigations and exposures of the last decade amply prove the truth of his statement. It is in this that the city is a real menace to the nation; for the corrupt methods of municipal politics have polluted our state and national government. No one questions that New York City, through its politicians, is responsible for all the evils that affect the Empire State, and for every attempt to thwart the reform measures of Governor Hughes. No one in his state who has seen the situation semi-annually at Sacramento, doubts that the corrupt politicians of San Francisco hold the balance of power in our state legislature. The problem of the city thus becomes a national problem. Wendell Phillips once said: "The time is coming when our cities will menace our institutions as slavery never did." That time has come.

IV.

There are many agencies now at work for the salvation of the city, for the betterment of its moral and spiritual life, for the amelioration of its industrial and social conditions. Schools, libraries, kindergartens, lodging-houses, hospitals, rescue-homes, orphanages, social settlements—all these are doing, each in their own sphere, something to make city life better and purer. But we who are Christians believe that the supremest work of social and moral salvation must be performed by the Christian Church, and it is with what the church has done and should do that we are directly to concern ourselves in the topic this week—with the city as a field for the home missionary activity of the church.

V.

There are three chief forms in which the church is at present seeking to do city mission work—the institutional church, the mission church and the rescue mission. The rescue mission is usually a hall, located where men congregate, in which services of a very informal character, with as little as possible of the stereotyped methods of the average church, are held daily. These missions have converted thousands of men to Christ. The mission churches or Sunday-schools are usually branches of larger churches lo-

cated outside of the congested districts where the usual work of the church with some additions of an institutional nature is carried on. The third agency is the institutional church, which voluntarily locates itself in the congested districts, and by the diversification of its agencies and the adaptation of its methods to the community about it, seeks to reach the intellectual, industrial, economic and social life of the people, no less than their spiritual natures. This last is the only really successful work of the church in answer to the cry of the city for help and salvation. The missions are all too often weakly manned by incapable leaders, and given only a niggardly support. They are in no sense dangerous rivals to the saloon and the dance-hall, nor do they become communal centers of life and influence. But the success of the great institutional churches of New York—St. George's, St. Bartholomew's, and the Metropolitan Temple; and in Philadelphia of the Baptist Temple, abundantly shows that this form of the church's activity in the city does really meet more than any other the demands of the city upon the Christianity of to-day. The tendency of city churches to run away from their responsibility by retreating from the down-town to the residence districts, this desertion of the masses by the church is certainly not worthy of the church.

It is to be hoped that more and more our city problem may be solved by the planting of strong institutional churches and social settlements, by carrying the gospel to the unchurched masses, by bringing Christ to those who need Him most.

The cry of the city ought to be a call of God to our young people to enter upon this great work of the salvation of the needy and sinful who are no less "heathen" than if they dwelt in India or Polynesia. The Student Volunteer Movement has done noble work in the enlisting of our young men and women in the work of Foreign Missions. But there is sad need of a similar organization that shall present the claims of that mass of needy and desperate people in our large cities, with their call to a service no less self-sacrificing, no less important than the carrying of the gospel to lands across the sea. The work of social service needs volunteers. Will you enlist? And if you cannot give yourself as a home missionary to this city field, you can at least by your personal service when it may be given, by generous contributions to those who are at the front in the battle, by sympathy, and prayer, in a word by your co-operation hearty and entire, give your answer to the Macedonian cry of the modern city, "Come over and help us."

Note.—The leader of this meeting will gain the best results if the following topics, which follow the general outline above, may be given out, for reading of books and report on same, at least a week before the meeting.

1. "The Growth of our Cities": Ely—"The Coming City"; Strong—"The Twentieth Century City."
2. "The Advantages of City Life": Wilcox—"The American City"; Goodnow—"City Government of the United States."
3. "Penalties of Civic Growth": Howe—"The City"; Steffens—"The Shame of the Cities."
4. "The City as a Home Mission Field": "The Challenge of the City"; Clark—"Leavening the Nation"; Strong—"The New Era."
5. "The Institutional Church": McCulloch—"The Open Church for the Unchurched"; Strong—"Religious Movements for Social Betterment"; and "The Next Great Awakening."

6. "The Call to Social Service": Strong—"The Times and young Men"; Hillis—"The Investment of Influence."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Mayflower.—The pastor, Rev. N. C. Gause, has been unanimously invited to continue as pastor for the coming year. A reception to Mr. Gause, which was largely attended, was held Wednesday, Sept. 3.

Avalon.—With sorrow and a deep sense of loss, this church has accepted the resignation of Rev. Chas. W. Williams. The resolutions adopted by the church state that during the nine years' pastorate Mr. Williams has proved himself to be a preacher of rare ability and high attainment, such being the universal testimony of visitors to this resort from everywhere; that any unfavorable health conditions which may have fallen to his lot have in nowise impaired his pulpit power; that his patience and tact, together with the able preaching and the capable co-operation of his mother and sister, have made the pastorate an eminently successful one; and that the church could count itself happy if, in God's good providence, at some future time, the pastoral relation could be resumed. One was received by letter at the communion service, September 6th. Mr. Williams writes that while he finds that in nine years he has breathed a sufficiency of "all-sea" air, he hopes before many weeks to be ready for work "on shore."

WASHINGTON.

Rev. Charles F. Clarke, 1712 Woodlawn Ave., Correspondent

Congregational Interests on Upper Puget Sound.

August 30th, Rev. J. M. Dick of the Sunday School Society, organized a school with about twenty members at Glencove, and on Sept. 6th, one with about twenty-five members at Springfield and in the evening of the same day one of thirty at Lakeview. There are also schools at Clifton, Victor and Wauna. Churches have grown out of the schools at Allyn, Sylvan and Longbranch, and Vaughan has been received by the Presbyterians. These towns are on Henderson Bay and North Bay. So far as the English speaking population is concerned it is now well organized for Congregationalism. Allyn was formally recognized as a church Aug. 15th, Vaughan Aug. 17th, and Longbranch Aug. 16th. About the first of June, 1907, Rev. H. B. Hendley of Tacoma wrote to the Sunday School Society about Longbranch and its possibilities. Through Deacon Curl of the Allyn church, who has a brother at Longbranch, Rev. Dick arranged to present the matter of a Congregational church. After canvassing the neighborhood he preached the 15th of June and gathered those interested the next Thursday at the hotel and organized a church of thirty-five members. Ground has been secured and a building is being erected. President Penrose of Whitman College spent his vacation at Delano Beach and kindly put his launch at the disposal of the workers, besides himself preaching several times. Allyn and Vaughan have called Rev. Mr. Stover and he is on the field. Longbranch has called Rev. W. Major Upcraft. A launch is greatly needed by whoever is stationed at Sylvan, so that the other fields

may be properly worked. Any information or financial aid that will help secure a launch will be greatly appreciated by the Home Missionary Society. We rejoice that both Supt. Maile and Dr. Kingman have been greatly benefited by their stay in this beautiful and health-giving climate and trust that more and more our Southern California friends will avail themselves of the opportunities of recuperating from the effects of their trying climate.

Avondale.—Rev. David Reid organized a church here Sept. 6th, with a membership of thirteen. The field is very promising and for the present will be cared for by Rev. Mr. Oakey in connection with Redmond.

Glenwood.—The corner stone for the church was laid Sept. 6th, by Dr. Samuel Sreene. The basement is finished and the superstructure has been commenced.

Cusick.—A church was recently organized here which, with three or four other points also on the Pend D'Oreille river, will be cared for by Rev. I. N. Rhodes.

Seattle, Fairmount.—A tent has been erected and Dr. Dunston of the West church conducts vesper services. Fairmount is a growing section of the city, being built up with a well-to-do community.

Chatteroy.—Revs. Anderson, Taylor and Waters dedicated the new building Aug. 30th.

Meyers Falls.—A new building was dedicated Aug. 30th. This was a great day for the church, as Revs. S. Greene, Scudder, Wilbur, Percival and Healey took part in the exercises.

Resignations.

Rev. Guy L. Dick, Bellvue and Medina.

Rev. F. D. Healey, Chewelah.

Rev. Nathaniel G. Faubion, Lakeside.

Calls.

Rev. C. E. Newberry of Coupeville, Mo., to Kirkland.

Rev. B. F. Case of Middle Haddam, Conn., to Richmond.

Rev. Stephen Smith of New Lebanon, Conn., to Port Angeles.

Rev. C. D. Moore of Des Plaines, Ill., to Rosalia.

Rev. W. V. Davis to Leavenworth.

Rev. W. Waters to Tecoa.

Rev. I. B. Taylor to Elk and West Branch.

Rev. Henry Miller of Jerome, Ariz., to Cathlamet.

Rev. R. D. Nicholls, assistant pastor of Plymouth church, Spokane, to Lowell.

The above have accepted the calls. Lakeside has called Rev. A. Thompson, and Rev. H. L. Preston has been called to Orchard Prairie and Pleasant Prairie, but have not yet announced their intentions.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The vacation season is about over and multitudes are returning from the mountains, from the seashore, and from all other places whithersoever people may have wandered, and are preparing to take up their customary round of duties, whatever they may be, with vigor and enthusiasm—as a rule. Now and then, however, a person is found to whom the vacation has been like Dead Sea fruit—the realization far below anticipation—and he falls back into the rut of duty, so-called, in a spiritless, half-hearted way, which robs life of all that it is worth. Simply existing is not living, in any true sense. To live, truly, is to be in that frame of mind which will enable one to have a vital, personal interest in all the varied functions of life which have for their end the uplift of the race. If one returns from the vacation season with a joyous, helpful spirit, ready to respond to every call of duty, and not

only that, but to seek opportunity to do good in some form, as occasion may suggest, then it is that the vacation period has not been wasted.

So far as Portland is concerned, there is very little occasion to leave it with the expectation of finding a better climate, particularly in the "good old summer time." And while there is always an exodus of residents in the months of July and August, yet enough come from elsewhere to this city to spend their vacation to keep up a normal population; and that condition is rapidly increasing, as the attractions of which this city is the center become more widely known.

For myself, I was away from my regular duties and long hours for six days, two days being consumed in going to and from the place selected for an outing, the heart of the Coast range of mountains, fifty-four miles west of this city. This point was on the banks of the Wilson river, a small stream rising on the western side of the summit of the range alluded to, and flowing westerly into Tillamook bay, a distance, following the meanderings of the river, of perhaps thirty-five miles. The Coast range for the most part is heavily timbered, and Tillamook county, through which Wilson river runs, almost centrally, contains more valuable timber, acre for acre, than can be found in any other county of equal area in the world. I have been in every timbered section of Oregon and Washington, and many parts of British Columbia, and have had a good deal of experience in judging timber, hence the above statement I believe strictly true. In every direction from the place where I was camped, for miles upon miles, the Douglas firs would range from two hundred to three hundred feet in height, and from two to ten feet in diameter, the great average being from three to five feet—the best size for the mills—and stood very thick upon the ground. I measured one tree thirty-three inches in diameter which was 252 feet high; another three feet in diameter, 260 feet high. And of these and larger and taller trees there are literally thousands. In such surroundings, with a rushing, roaring mountain stream along which to wander, and to fish, if one is so inclined, with an altitude of approximately 1,500 feet, one can get into close communion with nature under the best possible conditions. Such contact with the wonderful creations of the Almighty, with numberless places to be found where it is not likely that the foot of man ever trod, is certain to create in most minds, a profoundly worshipful spirit. Personally, I am sure the benefit was very great, notwithstanding my stay was so short.

Communion season was observed last Sunday in the First Church, and nine new members were added to the membership. Services were resumed in the evening, and a large audience greeted Dr. Dyott. He preached regularly every Sunday morning in August to good audiences, and the number of strangers from outside of the city, largely from different parts of the East, was quite remarkable. It is a great mistake, in my judgment, for churches to close up during the vacation period, particularly to omit the morning service; and especially so on this coast in the coast cities. It is true that every pastor should have his time for rest—must have it, in order to be at his best—but, nevertheless, each city church should by all means keep its doors open for one service every Sunday, at least.

September 25th, 1908, will be an important day in the annals of our English brethren to the northward. The one hundredth anniversary of the completion of the first voyage down the Fraser river, by Simon Fraser, after whom the stream was named, will be appropriately celebrated at New Westminster, British Columbia, under the auspices of the officers of the province.

Portland, Sept. 13, 1908.

THE PASSING OF DR. WINDSOR.

Dr. William Windsor was born in England September 17, 1830, and came to America with his parents in childhood. He received his education in the Middle West, graduating from Iowa College in 1854, and from Andover Seminary in 1857. His first pastorate was in Mitchell, Iowa, where he brought his bride and began the splendid work that ended only with his life. He was settled for some years in Davenport and Marshalltown, Iowa, and in Aurora, Ill., where for seven years, he gave himself to the strenuous life of a city pastor, till failing health compelled him to resign and come to the Pacific coast. After two years of rest he organized the church in Campbell, and with renewed vigor entered upon a pastorate which continued fifteen years, when, to the regret of the church, he gave up active work. He fell asleep in his home, Boscobel, September 8, leaving his dear wife, with whom he had recently celebrated the golden wedding anniversary, and two sons.

Dr. Windsor was a man of rare scholarship, an effective preacher and a close student of the Bible. Unassuming and gentle, but uncompromising with wrong, he was a leader in the community, and his unsullied life is fragrant with precious memories.

From resolutions passed by the Campbell church we quote the following paragraph: "The memory of his life among us, his scholarly attainments, his colossal faith and integrity, his comfort and cheer, combine to make a priceless heritage that shall remain to bless and sweeten our lives as long as memory lasts."

THE HOME

UNCLE ANDY'S SPECULATION.

By Frank H. Sweet.

A stranger in Boston on the Fourth of July finds the famous old Common given up to the people as it is not given up to them on any other day of the year. The customary restrictions are relaxed for that one day. "Keep off the grass" signs are unheeded by the tens of thousands of people who wander where they will beneath the trees and over the closely shaven, green hillsides, unmolested by the blue-coated officers on duty. The malls are lined with booths and tables, at which the most indigestible food and the most innocent of drink may be had, whereas on any other day even the blind vender of "the best five-cent, Havana-filled cigar in the city" is obliged to offer his malodorous wares outside of the iron railing.

The marts of trade consist, as has been hinted, mostly of peanut and lemonade and candy stands, and places where dusty and untempting viands are served in the open air—pie and baked beans, cake, doughnuts, sandwiches, sliced beef tongue, ham—these and other articles which are popularly supposed to constitute the food required for a country cousin visiting the city on the Fourth of July.

The Beacon street mall is appropriated almost entirely by negro venders of the delicacies named, and there seems to be not a little rivalry among them. Each tries to make his or her stand more attractive than those of the neighbors to the right and left. Corpulent and perspiring old aunties arrive in express wagons very early in the day, bringing with them their kitchen tables and their stock in trade in tubs, baskets and boxes. White cloths, which remain white for a short time only, are spread on the tables, the wares are set out, and auntie, seated in a big rocking-

chair, fan in hand, is ready for both pleasure and business.

The whole Common, meanwhile, is covered by a moving mass of seemingly happy people—strangers, most of them, for it is said that on the Fourth of July all Boston goes to the country, and all the country comes to Boston.

There lived, several years ago, in the suburbs of the city an honest and industrious old colored couple, known to all their acquaintances, both white and black, as Aunt Susan and Uncle Andy Peters.

Aunt Susan could do "fine i'nin'" that would make an expert Chinese laundryman envious, and as Uncle Andy could "tu'n his hand to mo' anything," these good people lived very comfortably on the proceeds of their united and honest industry.

They had a little "truck patch" in the rear of their little brown house, and kept a cow and several dozen hens. Their home was one of great contentment until, in an evil hour, they fell victims to a desire for sudden riches—a desire created by the doubtful story of a garrulous acquaintance, who told them, with an absurd exaggeration of the real facts, that she "done heerd Jim an' Patty Jackson made money enough at de Fo'th of July on Bos'n Common to pay off de mo'gage on dey fa'm."

Now there was no mortgage on Uncle Andy's little home. He owned it clear of encumbrance, and had, moreover, a hundred dollars in a savings bank in Boston, and as he was not a man of affairs, it was unwise in him to indulge in speculations of any kind. But after their visitor had gone, he sat in deep study on the doorstep, while his wife sat by him paring potatoes for dinner. Suddenly he turned toward her and said:

"See heah, Susan!"

"Well, Andy?"

"I'se been cal'latin'."

"Cal'latin' on what?"

"On what Jinney Bassett done tole us 'bout Jim an' Patty Jackson."

"Well, I c'lar' ef dat ain't jes what I'se been ponderin' on!" replied Aunt Susan.

"Ef Jim an' Patty Jackson could mek all dat money, what's to hender yo' an' me makin' some at de nex' Fo'th ob July?"

"Dey ain't nothin' to hender," said Aunt Susan, positively, "an' I'd 'joy it, too; an' yo' could 'tend to de lem'-made bar'l, an' I ain't no doubt we'd make a heap of money."

Further discussion served to strengthen their conviction that the keeping of a refreshment stand on the Common on the Fourth of July was a royal road to wealth, and as it was already the last day of June, they at once began active preparations for their business enterprise.

Aunt Susan was a famous cook, and never before did she make goodies with such painstaking care as then. They took twenty-five of their carefully hoarded dollars out of the bank with which to purchase their stock in trade.

"But we kin put hit an' fo' times ez much back agin de day aftah de Fo'th," said Uncle Andy confidently. "Dem pies an' cakes an' ta'ts an' doughnuts of yours is boun' ter ketch de eye of de public, an' nobody can yell 'Hyar's yo' ice-cold lem'nade! Hyar's yo' ch'ice peanuts!' louder'n I will."

It was hardly daylight on the morning of the Fourth of July when Uncle Andy and Aunt Susan arrived on the Common. They found an unoccupied place under the spreading branches of a mighty elm, and were ready for business long before the multitude were ready to assemble.

Aunt Susan's kitchen and dining-room tables were

placed side by side and covered with a pair of coarse but snowy table-cloths, and over them was nailed a rough canopy of white cloth. In the center of the tables on a glass stand was a snowy white-frosted cake, to be sold at five cents a slice. Flanking the cake on each side was a bouquet of wild roses in a pair of treasured blue-glass vases. A row of pies—apples, gooseberry, custard and lemon—was ranged on the outer edge of the table. A platter of sandwiches was at one end, and a plate of sliced tongue at the other. Plates of doughnuts in pyramids, were placed here and there, while there was one of "twisters" for "de chillun" who might be so fortunate as to have two cents, the price of one of the floppy, twisted friend cakes. Then there were cakes of other kinds—tarts, gingerbread, sugared cookies and other good things.

"I ain't goin' ter hab my table all mussed up wiv b'iled cabbage an' baked beans an' mashed 'taters an' trash like dat," Anut Susan had said, and she had adhered to her resolution.

Uncle Andy had charge of "de lem'nade depahtment," as he called it, at one end of the tables. With a few boards and some nails he had made a small counter on which there was a row of shining glasses, a jar or two of candies and a basket of peanuts in small paper bags at five cents a bag. There was a barrel of lemonade with hugh chunks of ice floating around in it, and later in the day Uncle Andy filled each of the glasses, a slice of lemon floating around on the top of each glass, and placed them in a row on the counter. As the people began to assemble, Uncle Andy set up a stentorian cry of:

"Ice-col' lem'nade! Right dis way, ladies an' gemmen, fo' yo' fine, ice-col' lem'nade, only five cents a glass! Hyar yo' are! Walk up, tumble up, any way ter git up! Only five cents a glass! Lem-nade!"

Sometimes he called the attention of the public to Aunt Susan's stand by roaring out: "Right dis way fo' yer ch'ice pies an' cakes! Hyar's yo' fine san'wiches! Walk up, ladies an' gemmen, an' 'joy yo'selves!"

Among those who responded to Uncle Andy's call were many of his friends and acquaintances, who seemed particularly anxious to impress the depth of their friendship upon Uncle Andy and Aunt Susan.

"Well, well, Aunt Suze," cried a gaily-clad matron, rushing forward with six children in her train. "How does yo' do? 'Clar if I ain't the very gladdes' kind to see yo', Keepin' a 'freshment stan', is yo'? I 'clar if I had de money I'd pat'nize yo', I knows jess w'at a good cook yo' is!"

Now, there never were two more generous souls than Aunt Susan and Uncle Andy. Each of them was, moreover, keenly susceptible to such delicate flattery as that indulged in by Mrs. Violet Sanderson, so it was like Aunt Susan to say:

"I'se pow'ful glad to see yo', Mis' Sanderson. An' hyar's all the chillun. How dey has growed—well, well! Come right up, chillun, an' git a fried cake an' a piece ob pie, an' you', too, Vi'let; den all ob you' step ter Andy's stan' an' git your lem'nade!"

Of course no money was received for eatables and drinkables thus offered. The Sandersons had hardly disposed of the pie and doughnuts and lemonade before there appeared a rather shabby-looking colored couple with four half-grown boys. The woman rushed forward and gave Aunt Susan a resounding kiss on the nose, while the man wrung Uncle Andy's hand warmly.

"How glad I is ter see yo', Aunt Suze!" cried the woman, "an' Uncle Andy, too. Heah, boys, dis is Aunt Suze Peters."

Each boy thrust a finger into his mouth and grinned, while one of them pulled at his mother's skirts and said: "Wish't I had one of dem cakes."

"Laws, chile, dem cakes is to sell, an' not ter gib away," replied his mother, "an' we ain't got no money to buy 'em wid, but dey does look nice, I don't know how many times dem chillun has heered me say I wish't I could bake sich pies an' cakes as yo' does."

"Oh, law, Mis' Jay, I ain't no cook," replied Aunt Susan modestly. "Heah, boys, heah's a pie an' some san'wiches fo' yo', an' Andy'll gib yo' a stick o' candy an' some lem'nade."

Five minutes later Uncle Andy said to his wife: "I 'clar' ter gracious, Susan, dar comes our pastah an' his wife. We mus' gib 'em a good treat."

The colored minister, in decorous black, with a stiff, high white collar, came smiling forward, followed by four other colored persons whom Uncle Andy had not before noticed.

"Well, well, Brother Peters, so you're in business, eh? Let me introduce you to Brother Johnson an' his wife an' Brother Hays an' his wife, f'om the West. Brother Peters is one of our most generous members, an' I don't know what we'd do without Anut Susan to make good things for our sociables."

Of course, Rev. Mr. White's friends were invited to partake of refreshments along with himself and wife, and the quantity of cake and pie and ham they consumed was wonderful, urged on as they were by Aunt Susan, who said:

"He'p yo'se'f, Brudder White; yo', too, Mis' Johnson, an' de res' of yo'. Sorry it ain't bettah'n w'at hit is; but yo's freely welcome. Take more cake, Mis Hays."

This was the cake at five cents a slice, and when the guests departed there were twelve slices missing, but not a corresponding number of nickels in the cigar cash box in the table drawer.

News of Uncle Andy's and Aunt Susan's generosity seemed to spread rapidly and to reach the ears of all their many friends, some of whom were to be found at the Peter's refreshment stand all day, most of them coming with flattering words regarding the appearance of the things on the table, and words of deep regret because of their inability to purchase them.

It was not until Aunt Susan had cut and given away six pies, a whole plate of doughnuts, a dozen sandwiches and halves of two or three cakes, that she said to Uncle Andy, at a moment when there were neither customers nor greedy friends near the stand:

"See heah, Andy, I ain't tuk in but fifty cents, an' yo' look at dem empty plates, will yo'?"

To which Uncle Andy replied, with his finger on a hoop almost halfway down the side of the lemonade barrel: "An' I ain't tuk in but sixty cents, an' de lem'nade is down to dar."

Therefore when, a moment later, Mrs. Jay and her insatiable sons returned for another supply of pie and cake, Aunt Susan received them a little coldly, and as one of the boys was about to help himself to a slice of the frosted cake, Aunt Susan said: "Heah, heah, little boy; dat cake wuz made ter sell an' not ter give away, an' I done give yo' a lot awhile ago, anyhow."

Whereupon the boy's mother jerked him away so suddenly that his outstretched arms knocked one of the pies off the table into a pail of water.

"Let dat cake be!" she said sharply. "Some folks is mighty 'tickler 'bout dey ole cakes! Come on, chillun, yo' sha'n't stay hyar an' hab it made out like yo' wuz tryin'."

to steal. I let yo' know, Mis Peters, dat if my chil-lun wuz hungry nuff ter steal dey'd steal something fit to eat an' not sich cookin' ez dat!" with which she strode away, leaving poor, kind-hearted Aunt Susan in great distress.

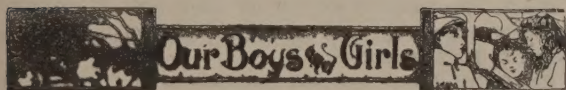
The sunshine now fell directly on the lemonade barrel, and Uncle Andy saw that he must move it into the shade. He seized the barrel, tipped it to one side and was about to roll it carefully into the shade, when, alas! his foot slipped in a muddy spot caused by water in the pail in which the glasses were rinsed, and down he went, bringing the barrel with him, while a great shout went up from the unsympathetic crowd.

Soon after this it began to rain—as it always does in Boston on the Fourth of July—and for half an hour the great drops fell thick and fast, and soaked through the cloth canopy upon Aunt Susan's table. When the shower was over nothing that was left upon it was fit to offer even to the not over-fastidious palates of the country visitors who still thronged the malls.

About three o'clock that afternoon a sober-faced, elderly negro couple might have been seen driving slowly out of the city behind an aged horse hitched to an aged wagon in which there were two tables, an empty barrel, a tub, several boxes and pans, and a green wooden rocking chair.

The old couple sat on a board laid across the top of the wagon, and as they rode along the man said: "I tell yo', Susan, dar ain't no way of gittin' rich all of a sudden. Riches has ter come by degrees; an' it ain't ev'rybody wa't has de business facklity of making money in business—speshly in the lem'nade an' 'freshment business."

"I reckon dat's so, Andy," replied his wife. "We's too gen'rous, an' gen'rosity an' business don't go togedder; but I'd ruther fail count o' bein' too gen'rous than to git rich by bein' mean, for a fac'!"—The Interior.



FORGET IT.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet and guarded, and kept from the day
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of the thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

THE ABIDING PORTION.

By William H. Hamby.

"It was a very pretty theory," said Johnson, "but the facts are against it. Some good deeds do bring a reward, of course, but not all of them, not even half of them."

"Yes," said Harris, positively; "every one."

"Why, there are hundreds of cases that disprove it. The

old fellow you were just asking about, old man Archer, is a living proof that your doctrine is pure nonsense.

"He is a skilled mechanic, makes from five to seven dollars a day, and I am positive that in the past twenty years he has given away fifteen thousand dollars of his wages. He is always doing good to somebody. Has it come back to him? Not a bit of it. Half of his time he has not even been thanked. I remember once a fellow who lived next door to him took down with the slow fever. Archer supported the family while he was sick, sat up half the nights after working all day, and when the fellow was well he got him two or three jobs, which he lost by his worthlessness. What was the result? Did the fellow fall on the old man's neck and weep with gratitude? No, sir; he stood at the yard fence and cursed Archer for two hours because he would not sign a note to raise money for a saloon license."

"Let us go down to Archer's a little while," suggested Harris. "I have some word for him."

It was dark down the unlighted street, and a cold wind was blowing. A bright light from the window of a modest cottage fell across the sidewalk.

"This is Archer's," said Johnson.

"I surely am glad to see you," said Archer, in a sincere hearty voice, as he gave Harris' hand a grip. "Have chairs."

The large, homey sitting-room, with the blazing logs in the open fireplace, seemed but a part of the radiant goodwill and fellowship of the rugged, old man, with his black hair streaked with gray, his seamed face, and mild, brown eyes.

"Haven't seen you for some time, Johnson," he said, cordially. "You know that young Thompson we were talking about the last time you were here? Well, sir, he has a good job now, and is just getting on fine. They have a comfortable little house, have bought some furniture, and are just comin' out first-rate. It would do you good to see how happy Molly and the kid is."

"What became of Lawrence?" asked Johnson, with a doubting smile.

"He has gone to Topeka—got a job on the railroad. I had a letter from him last week, and he is getting straightened out just bully. I tell you, Johnson, there is something in that young fellow, and we'll all be proud of him some day."

"Pay you that fifty?" asked Johnson, dryly.

"Half of it. He would have paid it all, but I wrote him not to cramp himself, as I wasn't in any particular need of the rest just now."

"By the way, Mr. Harris, you remind me some of a Tommy Harris I used to know."

"Yes, I know him, and we do resemble each other."

"You know Tommy Harris? Well, bless my soul! How is he?"

"Getting along fine. He was elected county clerk last fall, has a nice home all paid for, and married one of the finest girls in the country."

"Well, isn't that splendid!" said the old man, rubbing his hands and smiling, first at one visitor and then the other. "That is what I call good news. I knew Tommy when he wasn't getting along so well, and you don't know how good I feel to hear of him. I've only heard once since he went away, and that was five years ago."

"Yes, I know Tommy very well well," said Harris; "know his history, and he says he owes everything to you."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the old man, deprecatingly. "I didn't do much—just tried to encourage him a little."

"When Tommy was here eight years ago," said Harris,

turning to Johnson, "he was at the bottom, if ever a fellow was. His health had failed so he had to give up his job in the shops, and he had no money nor friends on whom to depend. One evening, when things were at their worst, he came home early, the first time in many weeks. His room was not a place a fellow would hurry back to. There was a bed that had not been changed for a month, a broken stand, a smoky lamp, a cracked washbowl, one chair, and a bare floor. Tommy sat down on the edge of the bed and shivered while he tried to decide. There were just two things, so he thought, to choose between. One to plunge into crime and go to the devil as fast as he could—the other was—the river.

"There was a knock at the door. A man he had known slightly at the shops came in. He did not offer any excuse for coming, just sat down and visited two or three hours; and if heaven ever deals in medicine, it certainly had put cordial into that bluff, hopeful voice.

"Tommy put off the decision. The old man came again and again. In a little while the young man had told the whole story of poverty, sickness and despair.

"Well," said the old man, "you can't work in the shops any more; that's a fact. Do you know anything else?" The young man did not.

"Why don't you go to school, and fit yourself for business or a profession?" he asked, after a minute of deep study.

"That is easy," laughed the young man, in a dismal strain.

"Well, sir, that fellow never let up until he had won Tommy over to the plan to go to school, and then he went to the bank and borrowed money at ten per cent to pay the young fellow's way.

"Tommy has a pretty home now, and every evening there is a curly-headed little chap who puts his head on the lap of the sweetest, happiest woman in the world, and says, 'Dear Lord, please bless papa and mamma and Uncle Archer.'"

The old man had turned his face away and was surreptitiously rubbing his eyes.

"And it is really you, is it, Tommy?" he said, as they rose to go.

"Yes, it really is," said the young man, gripping his hand.

"Boys," said Archer, and he tried very hard to keep his voice steady, "you don't know how happy I am."

They were silent for three or four blocks.

"I think I see what you meant," said Johnson. "The reward often comes back when not expected."

"No," said Harris, "you still miss it. The reward is not in what comes back, but what stays. It is the power he has to feel as he did to-night."—Ex.

SITTING BULL.

How the Great Dakota Chief Came to Be Given His Name.

Two of our states, as boys and girls know from their geography, are called Dakota—one North Dakota, the other South Dakota—and this was also the name of Indian people of different tribes speaking the same language, who lived in the country north of the great Platte river, and between and along our two greatest rivers, the Missouri and Mississippi. The word Dakota means united by compact, and there were several united tribes who called themselves the Dakotas.

Sitting Bull was a Dakota Indian. He was born near

an old army station, Fort George, on Willow Creek, and his father was Jumping Bull. The Indian chiefs are very fond of giving boys new names when they begin to do something which their friends notice. If a boy runs fast with his head up, they call him "The Elk," "The Deer," "The Wild Horse," or some such name. Or perhaps if he has quick or sly ways, they name him "The Fox," "The Wolf," or "The Coyote."

In North Dakota, at this time, there were great herds of Buffalo, and the largest of them were the bulls. These were the leaders when a herd was running, swimming a river, or jumping across a gully. Even when a lad, Sitting Bull's father could hunt for buffaloes, and quickly jump the deep gullies so frequent in that country, always with his bow in his hand; so his uncle, an Indian chief, named him Jumping Bull.

His son was a strange boy. His hair was straight like an Indian, but a reddish brown color. His head was very large and his features were more regular in form than that of the Indian. He was so odd in his looks and his ways, keeping much by himself, thinking and planning how best to have his own way, that his father named him when quite young "Sacred Stand."

Once, at ten years of age, he went with some hunters on a wild chase for buffaloes and came back to his father's wigwam very happy and proud, for he had succeeded in killing a buffalo calf; but he did not have a new name till four years later. At this time he frequently made drawings of his totem, what we might call his family coat of arms. This was a buffalo bull settled back on his haunches in a sitting posture, and from it the boy was named "Sitting Bull."

His second feat thought great by Indians was when he met a Crow Indian traveling along a trail claimed by the Dakotas. The Crow Indian was riding a horse, and had, on another horse, his wife, with a baby strapped to her back. Sitting Bull, on an Indian pony, charged this little cavalcade, succeeded in killing all three without getting a scratch, and made a rough picture of the exploit, which he showed to his companions.

Chief Red Cloud had led the Indians in 1868 at the time when a large number of our men fell in battle near Fort Phil Kearny, and after that trouble a scout picked up an old army roster book which had once belonged to a company of our soldiers. On its blank pages Sitting Bull had made skeleton pictures, and each picture showed some wicked deed. The pictures were ridiculous enough, but they made a fairly good dairy, and the meaning could not be mistaken. Nearly every record in the book was a sketch of the cruel Sitting Bull and his victims. Sometimes he was killing white men, sometimes Indians, sometimes stealing and driving off herds of horses. A man's figure with a tall hat was enough to mean a white citizen, an uncouth bonnet showed a woman, stiff outlines gave Indian war feathers or a soldier's costume, and the book was a curious record of years when Sitting Bull was a famous brave and a dlan Chiefs," in October St. Nicholas.

cruel, bad Indian.—From General Howard's "Famous In-

Long hair and a short tongue are rare companions.

Laughter begins with L; so do Love and Long life.

The Preacher must live up to his profession. Others may.

DR. GOODCHEER'S REMEDY.

Feel all out of kilter, do you?
 Nothing goes to suit you, quite?
 Skies seem sort of dark and clouded,
 Though the day is fair and bright?
 Eyes affected—fail to notice
 Beauty spread on every hand?
 Hearing so impaired, you're missing
 Songs of promise, sweet and grand?

No, your case is not uncommon—
 'Tis a popular distress,
 Though 'tis not at all contagious,
 Thousands have it, more or less;
 But it yields to simple treatment,
 And is easy, quite, to cure;
 If you follow my directions,
 Convalescence, quick, is sure.
 Take a bit of cheerful thinking,
 Add a portion of content,
 And, with both, let glad endeavor,
 Mixed with earnestness, be blent;
 These with care and skill compounded,
 Will produce a magic oil
 That is bound to cure, if taken
 With a lot of honest toil.

If your heart is dull and heavy,
 If your hope is pale with doubt,
 Try this wondrous Oil of Promise,
 For 'twill drive the evil out.
 Who will mix it? Not the druggist
 From the bottles on his shelf:
 The ingredients required
 You must find within yourself.

—Selected.

THE AUTOMOBILE.

"In a sense the history of the rise of the automobile is a history of some of the foremost inventors, mechanical engineers and active business men."

The above lines, quoted from a recent history of automobilism, are especially interesting and true. Boys and girls have been enjoying automobile rides for so long a time that they hardly realize what a modern invention the automobile really is, but a few facts will prove how recently and rapidly the horseless carriage has come.

Motor carriages were built and used as early as 1760, but it was not until 1879 that an American invented and operated the first gas engine automobile which was entirely practical for road travel. The general public was slow to believe that automobile had come to stay, and they were not altogether popular. Their success, however, is proved by the fact that while ten years ago there were but seventeen automobile makers, today there are 175. Ten years ago automobile factories employed about 638 people, now they employ 60,000 people. Where \$1,000,000 was spent on such vehicles then, there are today \$95,000,000. So that the manufacture of automobiles has now become one of America's great industries.

Today there are in Europe and America thousands and thousands of automobiles, including taxicabs, trucks, fire-engines, buses, delivery wagons, ambulances, buggies, victorias and touring cars. Recently Mrs. Russell Sage presented to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals an automobile for ambulance service.

It is hard to realize that automobiles

are "chugchugging" nearly all over the world; in Australia and Japan and Hawaii and even on the edge of the jungles of India! The most recent arctic expedition has an ice motor car. Its handles are covered with leather so that the hand of an operator shall not touch the ice-cold metal; the steam from the engine passes under the foot-board and acts as a footwarmer, and the front wheels are mounted with flat runners resembling broad snowshoes.

When Mr. Winton traveled from Cleveland to New York in July, 1897, he successfully undertook the first long automobile trip ever made in America, and his is believed to be the first gasoline automobile in New York city. The up-to-date automobile can travel at the rate of a mile a minute, and cars go flying across the country at from forty-five to sixty-five miles an hour without undue strain. The latest "100-mile world's record" stands at the average speed of eight-two and one-half miles an hour.—Exchange.

Once upon a time a certain mother noticed a remarkable change in the deportment of her six-year-old son, who, from a rough, noisy, discourteous boy, became transformed into one of the gentlest, most courteous and considerate fellows in the world. The child was attending the kindergarten, and the mother naturally inferred that to his teacher was due the change she was glad to notice in him.

"Miss Smith teaches you to be polite," she remarked, making what was really an assertion in an interrogative tone. "No, she never teaches us one bit about it," was the instant and most emphatic answer.

The mother was puzzled, for she was at a loss to account in any other way for so radical a change. A second and third attempt to discover the cause of this condition was attended with a similar result—energetic denial upon the part of the child of any instruction in the matter of courtesy.

"Well, then; if Miss Smith doesn't say anything, what does she do?" she asked at length, quite desperate in her desire for light upon the matter.

"She doesn't do?" she asked at length, quite desperate in her desire for light upon the matter.

"She doesn't do anything. She just walks around, and we feel polite. We feel just as polite as—as everything!"

And the inquiring mother was fully satisfied with his explanation.—The Sunday School Messenger.

SELF-RELIANCE.

Nothing better could happen to the young man who has the right kind of spirit than to be thrown upon the world and his own resources. Dr. Samuel Smiles has written:

"A well-to-do judge once gave his son a thousand dollars and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the first year, his money all gone, with several extravagant habits. At the close of the vacation the judge said to his son:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"I have no money, father."

"But I gave you one thousand dollars to graduate on."

"It is all gone, father."

"Very well, my son; it is all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your way in the world."

"A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; again left home, made his way through college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became governor of the State of New York, entered the cabinet of the President of the United States, and has made a record that will not soon die, for he was none other than William H. Seward."

THE CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

The most foolish thing that can be told young people is that the Christian life is one of endless comfort and delight. Such talk appeals to the weakest and softest qualities of human nature. Such appeals are not based on absolute and unchangeable facts. It would be far better to say to the young, especially to young converts: "This life of the Christian has its compensations, but if you live an out-and-out Christian life, it may cost you a right eye, or a right hand, or it may cost you life itself."

When Garibaldi started on his campaign to deliver Italy from the hard bondage of tyranny that had long and grievously crushed the people, he sent out his proclamations to this effect: "I cannot promise you honor and comfort and rich rewards; I only promise you hunger and thirst, cold and heat, battle, wounds, suffering, death; but if you love Italy and want to see her free and united, follow me." And they did follow him until at last, thundering at the gates of Rome, he made an end of civil and spiritual despotism.

So let it be said to every young man and woman who thinks of becoming a Christian: "God only knows what is to be your future; he only knows how and when you are to die; he only knows through what perils and sufferings you are to pass; but be sure of this, that if you endure hardness as good soldiers, if you fail in the conflict, the everlasting gates of glory will swing wide open to receive you, and the hand that was nailed to the cross will put the victor's crown on your immortal brow, and you will find a high seat among those who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb and by word of their testimony."

Courage, then, young soldiers of the cross! Heaven waits for you.—Bishop of Mallicu in Words of Cheer and Comfort.

Get someone to tell what is the trouble with people today that they know so little of the Bible and what is the remedy for this lack of Bible study.

There are those who want to get away from all their past; who if they could, would fain begin all over again. Their life seems one long failure. But you must learn; you must let God teach you that the only way to get rid of your past is to get a future out of it.—Phillips Brooks.

WHEN PA'S AROUND.

When pa's around, you bet we kids
 Don't act the same at all.
 We never, never tease our ma,
 Or play, or fight, or bawl.
 It's "don't do this," or "don't do that,"
 'Cause pa you will annoy."
 I guess he must have clean forgot
 That he was once a boy.

Ma says that what ails him is "nerves,"
 But our big sister Rose,
 She says it's only "nerve"—that's all,
 And we kids think she knows.
 'Cause when she had a beau one night,
 Pa waitzed right in and said:
 "Now, young feller, you go straight
 home,
 An' Rose, you get to bed."

O gee! We wisht pa wan't like that,
 Wisht he'd play and joke with us.
 My, if we should try it, though,
 You bet there'd be a fuss.
 He'd wrinkle down his eyebrows, so,
 An' set his chin out square,
 An' then we'd wisht we's 'way, way off,
 Or anywhere but there.

But pa is awful good sometimes—
 Most speshul when we's sick;
 He tells us stories all day long,
 An' we say pa's a brick.
 But jes' as soon's we's well again,
 His nerve begin to work.
 An' he's a reg'lar despot then,
 An' rules us like a Turk.

When I get big and have some kids,
 You bet they'll make a noise;
 An' I'll fix kites, an' little ships,
 An' lots of other toys;
 They won't have to creep about
 As still as any mouse;
 So they'll be glad as glad can be,
 To have me around the house.
 —Iva H. Drew, in Hints.
 —S. W. Christian Advocate.

GOOD WORDS FOR BOYS.

Be gentle, boys. It is high praise to have it said of you, "He is as gentle as a woman to his mother." It is out of fashion to think if you ignore mother and make a little sister cry whenever she comes near you, that people will think that you belong to the upper stratum of society. Remember that, as a rule, gentle boys make gentle men (gentlemen).

Be mauly, boys. A frank, straightforward manner always gains friends. If you have committed a fault, step forward and confess it. Concealed faults are always found out sooner or later. Never do anything which afterward may cause a blush of shame to come to your face.

Be courteous, boys. It is just as easy to acquire a genteel, courteous manner, as an ungracious, don't care style, and it will help you materially if you have to make your own way through life. Other things being equal, the boy who knows the use of "I beg your pardon" and "I thank you," will be chosen for a position, three to one, in preference to a boy to whom such sentences are strangers.

Be thorough, boys. Black the heels as well as the toes of your shoes, and

be sure that both shine. Pull out the roots of the weeds in the flower beds. Don't break them off and leave them to spring up again when the first shower comes. Understand your lesson. Don't think that all that is necessary is to get through a recitation and receive a good mark.—American Youth.

ANGRY ALL THE TIME.

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